

GRANDFATHER'S  
STORIES  
NARRATIVE



**P S**

3527

I 307

1900

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

~~PS 3524~~  
Chap. .... Copyright No. ....

Shelf I 36 G 7

1907

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





GRANDFATHER'S  
STORIES IN RHYME

By

W. B. W.

A. D. 1900

THE LEEDS & BIDDLE CO.  
Printers and Publishers  
1019-21 Market St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

TWO COPIES RECEIVED.

Library of Congress

Office of the

MAY 3 - 1900

Register of Copyrights

57612

---

COPYRIGHT, 1900

BY WILLIAM H. NICHOLSON

---

SECOND COPY,

7419

## Dedication

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

*My little boys, I like your noise—  
'Tis sound most sweet my ears to greet ;  
Then come this way and make a stay,  
Increase my joys, my little boys.  
The cat may purr when smoothed its fur,  
And roosters crow the best they know,  
The dog may bark, loud sing the lark,  
Yet best your noise I like, my boys.  
Tho' bees may hum, woodpeckers drum,  
Screech loud the owls, cackle the fowls,  
Tho' cows may low, and winds may blow,  
Give me your noise, my little boys.  
A darksome day, when you're away,  
Needs you about with merry shout,  
To cheer the way, make bright the day,  
Dispel the blues while sad I muse  
And miss your noise, my little boys.  
And you, my girls, a string of pearls.  
Winsome and bright, with hearts so light,  
And laughter gay in guileless way,  
To me you're dear, now life is sere.  
Tho' less your noise than marks my boys,  
You have a place of sweeter grace,  
And with the boys give added joys.  
So to you all, both great and small,  
I now indite, if they invite,  
These homely rhymes, on former times,  
When young like you, a boy I grew.*

W. H. N.







### THE YELLOW DOG.

When grandpa was a little boy  
Full sixty years ago,  
One winter's day, he thought he'd play  
Upon the frozen snow.  
But how without a sled could he  
Go coasting on the hill?  
And all alone he tried to find  
Some thing its place to fill.  
Now your papa has been so kind  
Your hearts have never bled  
To think you'd have to play in snow  
Without a pretty sled.  
But grandpa lived in earlier days  
Where boys were not so blest,

And had to try some other way  
To have the fun in quest.  
No playmate had your grandpa then,  
He sallied out alone,  
Determined to enjoy himself  
Without a sigh or moan.  
He thought it would be very nice  
Upon the slippery hill,  
To something have to ride upon  
With joy his heart to fill.  
He thought and thought, and looked around,  
If so he might espy  
A thing his purpose to fulfill—  
Adown the hill to fly.  
Then underneath a little shed,  
He found a short smooth board,  
Just big enough to sit upon  
The pleasure to afford.  
'Twas afternoon, the board he seized,  
A shingle it was called,  
And hied him to the slippery hill  
Happy, and unappalled.  
On top the hill he laid his board  
And sat upon it straight,  
He gave a kick, and down the hill  
He slid a lively rate.  
The bottom reached, he took his board  
Atop the hill again,

And up, and down, he gaily went  
Till day began to wane.  
He noticed it was getting dark,  
He laid his board away,  
And started for his pleasant home,  
Much as he'd liked to stay.  
By time he reached his father's barn,  
Real dark it did appear;  
Your grandpa was a timid lad  
And he began to fear.  
It only was a little way  
To reach the kitchen now,  
But what stood in the path to it  
So like a big bow-wow?  
He stopped quite still, though cold the air,  
And thought, what shall I do?  
I'm here, and see the kitchen lights,  
And people there in view.  
So don't you think 'twas wise in him  
To shout a loud halloo?  
"Halloo!" he said, but no one heard  
When first he thus had cried  
So louder still, he shouted it  
And then they heard inside.  
Then Henry opened wide the door  
To learn who shouted so  
And finding whom it was, he cried  
"Suppose you let us know

Why you stand calling there so loud  
Upon the frozen snow?"

Then grandpa said, "I'm 'fraid to come  
For there 'twixt you and me  
Is a great ugly yellow dog  
As you must plainly see."

Then Henry said, "I see no dog,  
Come run along to me."

Then grandpa said, "I know there is,  
'Tis plain as plain can be."

Then Henry came right past the dog,  
Nor seemed to fear at all,  
And took your grandpa by the hand  
And led him on withal.

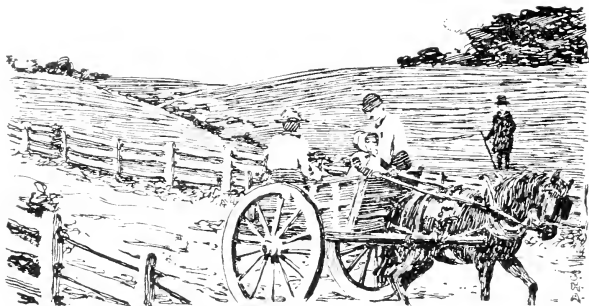
Right by that dog they passed along,  
No growl or bark it gave;  
But grandpa soon the reason found  
Why Henry was so brave :

For would you think, that fearful dog  
Your grandpa thought he saw,  
Was but a red wheelbarrow there,  
That touched his heart with awe.

He was somewhat ashamed to find  
He had been so deceived,  
But by a warm and blazing fire  
He soon was quite relieved.

His hands and feet and ears were warmed,  
His supper then he ate,

He kissed his pa, and then his ma,  
And went to bed quite late.  
No doubt he slept a solid sleep  
Till heard the roosters crow,  
When up he bounced again to play  
Upon the frozen snow.



### THE SUN BONNET.

A boy in sun-bonnet,  
You may depend on it,  
Feels sheepish and shy as can be.  
Your grandpa is witness,  
Who felt its unfitness,  
When but a small fellow was he.  
His mother so loved him  
She purposely clothed him  
To save his complexion and clothes;  
Nor knew a boy hated  
To be so instated,  
And dressed in a way that he loathes.  
A little sun-bonnet  
His head must have on it,  
An apron to shield him from dirt,

Then he could go playing,  
In sunshine go straying,  
And not suffer sun-burn or hurt.  
Your grandpa submitted,  
Though feeling unfitted  
To meet any stranger that came,  
And ran into hiding,  
There closely abiding  
Until way was opened again.  
Your grandpa loved driving,  
And always was striving  
For chances to manage a horse,  
Nor ever omitted,  
When he was permitted,  
To ride in a wagon, of course.  
When Prince was put to it,  
Sure was he to do it,  
And take up the lines for a start.  
And with your attention,  
At once I will mention  
How thus he was caught in a cart.  
Now, never was chappie  
Than grandpa more happy,  
When once, in a cart with the men,  
He had on his bonnet  
Nor thought a word on it,  
Nor dreamed to be caught in it then.  
Now Prince he admired

And never was tired  
Of viewing the bonny black beast :  
    No thought that a stranger  
    His joy would endanger  
Did trouble his heart in the least.  
    But, lo ! Jimmy Glover,  
    Drew nigh in the clover  
Field close by the side of the lane;  
    Though slowly he gat on  
    With broad brim-ed hat on,  
As he walked with a very long cane.  
    “ Look ! there’s Jimmy Glover  
    Right near in the clover,”  
Said one of the men in the cart.  
    Then grandpa, his bonnet,  
    Pulled hard the strings on it,  
But couldn’t the bonnet-strings part.  
    At once he stopped driving  
    As closely arriving  
He took Jimmy Glover in view,  
    When flatly he got him  
    Down on the cart’s bottom,  
The only thing that he could do.  
    There lying he waited  
    Till Jimmy vacated,  
When finished his talk with the men,  
    Then cautiously rising,  
    Resumed exercising  
The pleasure of driving again.





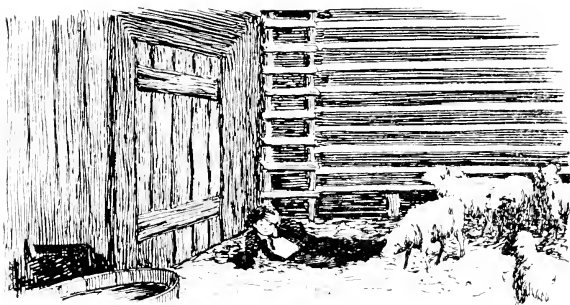
### A SLEIGH RIDE.

A sleigh-ride in my earlier days  
Was an especial treat,  
Though cold the air, and scant the wraps,  
And cushionless the seat.  
I now recall a thrilling ride  
Had on a winter's day,  
Which so impressed my memory  
It lingers there to stay.  
Then brightly rose the morning sun,  
Snow covered all the ground,  
The sleighing good and cold the air,  
Oh, how my heart did bound  
To find my father was prepared,  
If mother wished to go,

To see her sister then in town,  
By sleighing through the snow.  
My mother and her Cousin R.  
Approved of such a course,  
So father to the sleigh hitched up  
Old Bob, his favorite horse.  
A lot of good things then we took  
From out our ample store,  
The rich proceeds of slaughtered swine  
Killed several days before ;  
Some sausages and tenderloins,  
And other savory meat,  
Which to our city friends we knew  
Would be a welcome treat.  
I snuggled in between the two,  
My mother and her guest,  
While father stood in front to drive  
And see the way the best.  
How cheerily the sleigh bells rang  
While we pursued our way,  
And echoed through the leafless woods,  
Words fail me now to say.  
It was to me a jolly ride  
Clear to the river's shore,  
Where we expected in a boat  
Then to be ferried o'er.  
But lo, the river out of sight  
Beneath both ice and snow

Looked like a level whitened plain,  
Where, passing to and fro,  
Were sleds, and sleighs, and passengers,  
All moving in a line ;  
And viewing this, we too drove on,  
And thought it would be fine.  
We sped along upon the ice  
And soon the city gained,  
And made our visit to my Aunt,  
Where we to dine remained.  
When came the time to start for home,  
Once more within the sleigh,  
We strove again the ice to cross  
Before the close of day.  
The river reached, adown the slip,  
And on the ice once more,  
We little dreamed what would befall  
Ere reached the other shore.  
But Bob, then moved by some affright,  
Just what, I cannot tell,  
Began to run with all his might,  
And naught his speed could quell.  
My father stood and tightly drew  
The lines with all his force,  
While air-holes closely were approached  
By his unruly horse.  
The wind was strong, and father's hat  
Soon flew from off his head,

And then his wig, unloosened there,  
    Flapped up and down, and fled.  
My father's cloak the wind stretched out  
    Much like a comet's tail,  
And we, poor things, within the sleigh,  
    Were stricken deathly pale.  
But this mad chase came to an end,  
    With no one hurt the least,  
As father guided towards a wharf  
    His very headstrong beast.  
This checked his wild career so much  
    A man his bridle seized,  
And Bob, at length his temper cooled,  
    Was settled down appeased.  
Thus stopped, about us came a crowd  
    To see how we had fared,  
And gratulations kindly gave  
    That we our lives were spared.  
My father's wig a friendly hand  
    Gave back to him again,  
Another tendered him his hat  
    Found on the icy plain.  
Thus put once more in moving trim,  
    We started on our way,  
And reaching soon our happy home,  
    Closed an eventful day.



### UPS AND DOWNS.

I had my ups, I had my downs,  
Like any other boy,  
I had my play, I had my work,  
Nor was it always joy:  
But now the several hurts I had  
Are paining me no more,  
And many pleasant memories  
Loom up my mind before.  
And if I tell a tragic tale  
And note a little woe,  
Just recollect it cites the past,  
And ended long ago.  
I then had caring for the sheep,  
And fed them every day,

And 'mongst the duties that I did,  
Was furnish them with hay.  
When'er I oped the sheep-house door,  
They gladly welcomed me,  
And bleated out their hungry wants  
As best they could decree.  
At first I let them quench their thirst  
With water from the well,  
Which I had pumped with many strokes,  
Till tired I befel.  
All in a row before the trough  
They put their noses in,  
And when they'd drank, I shoo'd them back,  
To stay the pen within.  
Then came the time to give them hay,  
Which once I thought to do,  
And up the mow I climbed intent,  
To put the matter through.  
But, high aloft, I missed my hold,  
And tumbled down below,  
A fall I had not reckoned on,  
As any one might know.  
My little head the foremost came,  
And struck a wooden sill,  
And there I lay just like one dead,  
All stunned, and dazed, and still.  
How long it was I do not know,  
But when I oped my eyes,

Behold my sheep were viewing me  
With evident surprise.  
Then slowly rising on my feet,  
I felt my head was sore,  
And lo, the blood came trickling down  
My cheek all red with gore.  
And I was scared to find it so,  
And slowly took my way  
To tell my mother of my plight,  
And see what she would say.  
She saw her little boy before  
He reached the kitchen door,  
And hurried out to learn his woes,  
His troubles to explore.  
She saw that blood was on his face;  
It touched her tender heart;  
She gently took him by the hand,  
Condolence to impart.  
And then I told her how it was,  
And how my head was hurt,  
And showed her all my bloody stains  
And clothing stained with dirt.  
Then right away she washed my face  
And told me not to cry,  
Then put a plaster on my head,  
And bade me down to lie.  
'Twas supper-time, and then she gave  
To me a special treat,

Of things she knew I liked the best,  
And much enjoyed to eat.  
Then off to bed I straitly went  
And slept till morrow morn,  
When, waking up, I wondered why  
My head felt so forlorn.  
And then I felt the plaster there,  
Remembering how it came,  
Then dressed myself and went about  
As ever much the same.  
My wound got well, the plaster off,  
I felt right well again,  
But where it was, no hair would grow  
As you may see quite plain.





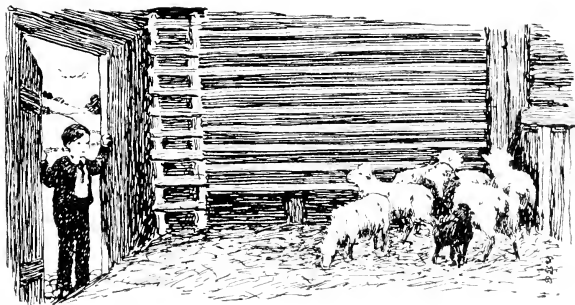
### ON HORSEBACK.

In early days 'twas my delight  
To drive and ride a horse :  
And of the perilous haps I had  
This was the greatest source.  
With shining coat and noble form  
And gentleness and speed,  
No animal had half the charm  
That graced a gallant steed.  
No chance I missed to seize the rein  
Or mount a horse's back,  
And little thought I of the risk  
If prudence I should lack.  
And so it was, one summer eve,  
When all the work was done,

My father ordered every horse  
    Out in the field to run.  
The field lay quite a space away  
    A nice stretch for a ride  
So every one of father's men  
    Took each a horse to stride.  
I saw them mount, but Prince was left  
    And bridled for the fun ;  
So on his back I scrambled, proud  
    Out with the rest to run.  
No saddles on to hold unto,  
    Fast sped we down the lane,  
And frisky was my chosen pet  
    As shortly will be plain.  
Away I flew, nor danger knew  
    Till bouncing towards his neck,  
Prince took the chance to play a trick  
    I was too small to check:  
For high he kicked, as down a hill  
    He swiftly made his way,  
And I was tossed completely off  
    But held the reins to stay.  
And so I hung beneath his nose  
    Till coming to a gate,  
He stopped, and let me touch the ground.  
    I'm happy to relate.  
No harm was done, except his hoof  
    Struck gainst one foot of mine  
But no such little thing as that  
    Made me more rides decline.

In proof of this, I'll now relate  
Another escapade,  
Which happened as I rode on Mike,  
Nor was the least afraid.  
A letter I was asked to take  
About a mile away,  
And if I chose, I might ride there  
Upon our dappled grey.  
Of course I chose to ride the horse,  
For he was gay and kind ;  
So on his back I sallied forth,  
With happiness of mind.  
My way was by the old school house  
Where a b abs I learned,  
And now were scholars gathered there  
To morning school returned.  
There, girls and boys all whom I knew,  
Gazed on me as I rode,  
And I was proud, as I discerned  
The envy that they showed.  
But very sure, it often is,  
"Pride goes before a fall;"  
And surely you'll have proof of it  
When heard my story all.  
The road was rough and frozen hard  
Where Mike pursued his way,  
And there before the children's eyes,  
Much to my sore dismay,

He stumbled down upon the ground  
With me upon his back,  
And fell upon one leg of mine,  
Prone on the wagon track.  
My other leg was loose enough,  
To kick him as he lay,  
And this bestowed, he quickly rose  
But pinned me down to stay;  
For on my leg, he placed his foot,  
Shod with an iron shoe,  
Until I gave another kick,  
When he his foot withdrew.  
Meanwhile I tightly held his rein,  
And gaining now my feet  
I led him to a fence near by,  
And on him took my seat.  
The ankle that he'd stood upon  
Was very sore indeed,  
But I did not disclose the fact,  
Tho' sadly it did bleed.  
And soon I rode beyond the view  
Of all the scholars there,  
And did the errand sent upon  
With a determined air.  
Yet still within my heart, I felt,  
While jogging on my way,  
Quite mortified to think about  
What would the children say.



### THE BLACK LAMB.

It was in days when I became  
Some eight or ten years old,  
My father had a dozen sheep  
To winter in his fold;  
And thinking I had naught to do,  
But might serve usefully,  
He let me know, if I but chose  
His shepherd I might be.  
How pleased I was the flock to feed,  
And they were pleased with me,  
For indian meal and turnips chopped,  
It gave them joy to see.  
I fed them hay and watered them,  
And bedded them with straw,

And proud I was of my white flock,  
Whose frisky plays I saw.  
Each early morn I hastened out  
To see how well they fared,  
And gave to them the hearty meal  
I had before prepared.  
Sometimes I found among the sheep  
A little lamb new-born,  
And then much pleased, I'd hurry home  
The family to inform.  
White were the sheep, and white the lambs.  
Till came another day,  
When in I looked, and something black  
Upon the straw there lay,  
And what it was, I wondered much.  
When to my great surprise,  
Upon four feet it stood upright,  
And could I doubt my eyes?  
Is it a lamb? I asked myself,  
And soon I found 'twas so;  
For right away its white mamma  
For it her love did show.  
Then quickly to the house I ran  
And told what I had seen,  
A little lamb as black as jet!  
Whatever could it mean?  
"Thou surely art mistaken boy,"  
My father calmly said;

But still I held that it was so,  
And I was not misled.  
"Well, if its black I'll give it thee,"  
My father then replied;  
And I was overjoyed to learn  
The treasure I'd espied.  
Yet hardly did they all believe  
The news I to them told,  
When I invited all to go  
And look into the fold.  
And there before their wondering eyes  
As black as any crow,  
They saw, and could not doubt the fact,  
For what we see, we know.  
And now I owned a little lamb,  
And saw it day by day;  
A black and frisky growing lamb  
With white ones joined in play.  
And I was proud when it grew big,  
And long had grown its wool,  
For then I had it sheared right off  
And filled a big bag full.  
The wool I sold, and felt so rich  
I now could nice things buy,  
A pair of skates, a pocket knife,  
Or pretty kite to fly.



### THE OWL.

Hear now of the owl,  
That queerest of fowl;  
A quaint looking bird is he,  
With big open eyes  
He looks very wise  
But only at night can he see.  
Two tufts on his head  
Like himself, brownish red,  
Perhaps you would call them his ears,  
But this they are not,  
In a different spot  
He catches whatever he hears.  
In day-time he hides  
Where darkness abides,



In cave, or an old hollow tree;  
Where he thinks to himself,  
I'm a safe little elf,  
And no one can ever catch me.  
But I was the boy  
The wit to employ  
To do it, as soon you will see,  
For I spied out a nest  
An owl then possessed  
Within an old apple tree.  
I said to myself,  
My queer little elf,  
I'll catch you as sure as can be;  
You screech so at night  
My sisters you fright,  
And you they shall certainly see.  
So a ladder I got,  
And climbed to the spot  
Which led to his nest in the tree,  
Then rolled up my sleeve,  
Nor thinking to leave,  
Until a caught-owl was he.  
I put in my hand,  
But came to a stand—  
The owl began to show fight;  
My hand I withdrew  
In haste, it is true—  
He bit me a very sharp bite.

So homeward I flew  
And what did I do,  
But put a thick glove on my hand,  
And then I was sure  
The owl to secure,  
For then, all his bites I could stand.  
Again I essayed  
The owl-nest to raid,  
And lo, what a capture I made!  
A pretty red owl,  
A wise-looking fowl,  
Which, running right home, I displayed.  
“Is this the red sprite  
That shrieks so at night?”  
My sisters then queried with glee;  
“‘Tis the very same bird”  
I said, “you have heard  
Way up in the big locust tree.”  
They looked him all o’er  
Behind and before,  
But wondered the most at his eyes;  
He gave not a blink,  
Nor offered to wink,  
And looked very solemn and wise.  
Now what shall we do  
To keep him in view,  
Was what they desired to know;  
Said one, in a cage

Put this little sage,  
But all of the others said, No,  
But placed in the barn  
He'd be out of harm;  
So into the barn he should go.  
'Twould there be so nice,  
For he can catch nice,  
Which often he seizes for prey;  
And there can abide,  
In dark places hide  
Away from the light of the day.  
So out I then went  
To do it full bent,  
And thought it a sensible freak;  
In the barn put the owl,  
The grave little fowl,  
And saw him fly up to the peak.  
What there the owl did  
From me was quite hid—  
He moused only when it was dark,  
And I in my bed  
Had pillowed my head,  
And could not his doings remark.  
One day for a look,  
Occasion I took  
To view him again as before,  
Be he was'nt there,  
But probably where

He always had lived theretofore.  
And surely that owl  
Did view with a scowl,  
The boy who had captured him so,  
And doubtless did teach  
His young ones to screech  
Quite fiercely, when viewing their foe,  
When under the trees  
Enjoying the breeze  
At night, any ventured to go.  
'Twas thus, Uncle Will  
One evening quite still,  
Was walking beneath a big tree,  
When quick as a flash  
An owl made a dash  
As close to his head as could be.  
And Will did retreat  
With hurrying feet  
No longer to linger out there;  
He verily thought  
Lest safety he sought,  
His head would be robbed of its hair.  
Now wasn't this one  
A loyal grandson  
Of him that I stole from the tree,  
Flew at uncle Will  
A pledge to fulfill  
His grandpa's avenger to be?



### THE KILL-SHEEP DOG.

A tale of my childhood I now will unfold,  
Which never in verse, has ever been told.  
Another sheep story then let me relate,  
Which hearing, 'tis likely your hair will stand straight.  
It was a large flock my father had then,  
That pastured his fields, nor needed a pen.  
He thought it quite safe on warm summer nights,  
To let them stay out, not fearing afrights.  
A neighbor informed him, that on his own farm,  
The dogs on his sheep had inflicted great harm:  
These dogs went at night in quest of their prey,  
And did in the dark, what they dare not in day.  
My father then thought of a very good plan  
To save his nice flock ere the evil began.

There was a fine sheep that did lead all the rest,  
So to his man Henry, he said "We had best  
Just catch the head sheep, on his neck hang a bell  
Which when he is running his movements will tell ;  
And when in the night we are slumbering in bed,  
If dogs chase the sheep by the bell-wether led,  
The bell will so jingle we surely will hear,  
And go out and shoot them if any appear."  
They caught that fine sheep, put on him a bell,  
But little foresaw what it would fortell.  
Then father's good gun he loaded with care,  
And Henry did his; so they were a pair.  
"Now Henry," said father, "if you in the night  
Should hear the sheep's bell in case of their flight,  
Arouse me from bed, and out we will go  
And level our guns on the blood-thirsty foe."  
To bed they both went; while slumbering there,  
A jingle out-doors disturbed the night air,  
It jingled so loudly my father awoke,  
And Henry arose, when to him he spoke.  
Then out they both hurried, in night-gown array,  
Two ghostly sharp-shooters, determined to slay  
The first naughty dog that came in the way.  
They listened awhile, when down the back lane,  
The sheep came a running, with might and with main,  
The bell-sheep ahead, a ringing his bell,  
The others behind him, all rushing pell-mell.  
Then father caught sight of a big brindled cur,

A villainous fellow, 'tis safe to infer,  
He saw at full speed by the light of the stars,  
Right close to the sheep as they leapt o'er the bars.  
But just at that moment, loud rang the report  
Of father's good gun, which cut his life short.  
Thus killed, he could never do harm any more;  
So father and man went to bed as before.  
But I was asleep at the time it occurred,  
Nor heard the sheep-bell, or ever a word,  
And when in the morning, I heard them relate  
About the bad dog, and what was his fate,  
I put on my hat and hastened to see  
What kind of a dog a kill-sheep could be.  
I timidly went, but judge my surprise,  
When on him I looked, he opened his eyes!  
A little boy surely was never more scared  
Nor ran with a speed so little prepared.  
I said to my pa, "Why the dog is not dead,  
When on him I looked, he raised up his head!"  
Then father said "Surely he fell down so flat  
I thought he was killed, and was certain of that.  
But if he's alive, that he suffer no more,  
Tell Richard to hasten and kill him before  
He's able to rise and to wander away  
Sheep-killing again at some future day."  
So Richard an axe seized quickly, and ran  
And finished the killing which father began.  
There lay the dead dog, and to take him away,

The boy's undertook, on the very same day.  
They harnessed old Bob to my father's red cart,  
Then threw in the dog, and away they did start,  
And drove to a woods that was standing near by  
Then tipped up the cart, and there let him lie.  
Anon, in the air flying over the place,  
Great birds were seen sailing, all hailing from space.  
They circled, and circled, and circled around,  
Till downward they swooped and stood on the ground.  
And what do you think they proceeded to do?  
You scarcely could guess, without taking a view:  
Those hungry black buzzards stood by the dead dog  
And feasted and fought for their dinners agog—  
So full they were gluttoned, they rested a day,  
Before they were able to flutter away;  
But once on the wing, they vanished from view,  
And sailed out of sight, far up in the blue.





## SCHOOL DAYS

At Baker's Corner, where I went  
In earliest days to school,  
Were many happy hours spent,  
Taught under school-marm rule.  
The little house stood 'neath great oaks,  
And out before the door,  
Two sassafrases by the road  
Made its attractions more.  
Close in the rear, great forest trees,  
With open range between,  
Gave plenteous shade in summer time,  
When they were clad in green.  
It was indeed ideal ground  
For out-door sports and play,

And jolly times the children had  
In every fancied way.  
A little way across the road  
The Baker family dwelt,  
Where candy and where ginger cake  
To hungry ones were dealt.  
A bucket dropped in Baker's well,  
By rope and windlass raised,  
Supplied the means to quench our thirst,  
While down its depths we gazed.  
It was a pleasant watering-place,  
And oft we lingered there  
When sent to draw its crystal draught,  
A pailful back to bear.  
One bright tin cup alone was used  
To serve the children all;  
No fear of any bad microbes  
Did any one appal.  
We all took dinner at the school,  
In baskets well supplied,  
And on a shelf, placed in a row,  
They sat there side by side.  
At noon the teacher gave the nod,  
And welcomed was the sign,  
For all the school at once began  
With one accord to dine.  
This done, they sallied out to play,  
Both boys and girls alike,

And for two hours the joy went on,  
Without a bat or bike.  
Bull-in-the-pen, Hot-buttered beans,  
And many games of ball,  
A squirrel chase we often had,  
And merry were we all.  
We Skinned the cat, and Jumped the rope.  
Played Tag, and Prisoners' base,  
Or took a turn at Blindman's buff,  
Or fleetly ran a race.  
Leaf houses, without architect,  
We built beneath the trees,  
In which we often crept to rest,  
And seek a little ease.  
The girls kept house in mimic way,  
With mossy carpets laid,  
While broken bits of china were  
Quite tastefully displayed.  
The cherry tree which stood near by,  
Its fruit more prized than pearls,  
The boys climbed up to shower down  
On aprons of the girls.  
And looking toward my father's farm,  
Its fields in easy view,  
There might be seen a row of men  
The harvest putting through.  
They swung their scythes in rhythmic stroke,  
And laid the clover low,

And when their blades were fairly dull  
And quite unfit to mow,  
They would their scythes on handle stand,  
And then apply the stone,  
Which in a pouch about him girt  
Each man possessed his own.  
'Twas then rang out the sounding scythe,  
A once familiar sound,  
A music now quite obsolete,  
With no successor found.  
And other sounds, the jangling bells  
That hiding cows betrayed,  
And tinkling ones upon the sheep  
A dreamy music made.  
How often as we sat in school  
These sounds made entrance there,  
And other sounds more exquisite  
Came floating through the air;  
The bluejay rang a piercing note  
Atop some mighty tree,  
And many were the birds which sang  
That seldom now we see:  
There thrilled the wild wood-robin's note,  
From out some leafy shade,  
And sweeter than his roundelay  
Was never music made.  
I like to think of those old days,  
And pleasures then enjoyed,

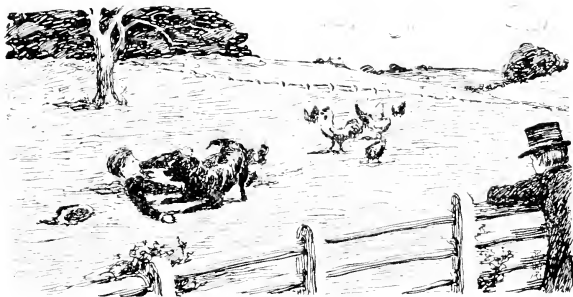
While seldom with unpleasant things  
Were ever they alloyed.  
Yet youth nor age is quite exempt  
From trouble now and then,  
And I remember well my case,  
Which I'll proceed to pen.  
In school we had our daily tasks —  
We wrote and ciphered, too ;  
We read aloud, ranged in a class,  
The very best we knew.  
We even sketched in indian ink,  
And made collections rare  
From poets now of old renown,  
To be preserved with care.  
It was sometimes our teacher's pride  
To have a marked display  
From those whose best acquirement  
In any lesson lay.  
She thought, as now seems very clear,  
That it would charm the rest  
If two of us would read aloud  
In concert, at our best.  
She chose the brightest girl for one,  
But who should be her mate ?  
Alas ! how badly then I felt  
To find it was *my* fate.  
To take my stand upon the floor  
Erect by Lydia's side,

My bashfulness could hardly bear,  
And I was sorely tried.  
While waiting thus, great silence reigned,  
For now the children all  
Were anxious to enjoy the treat  
Which from our lips should fall.  
I now forget the chosen piece,  
But most, my mind inclines,  
To think it was what Goldsmith wrote,  
Beginning with these lines :  
*“ Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Beside the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po.”*  
These words, perchance, gave added force  
To all I felt within,  
As more unfriended, or more slow,  
I think I’ve seldom been.  
We started fair, but shall I tell  
The sequel of it all,  
And how I balked, then fully stopped,  
And what did me befall?  
My utterance failed, I could not read,  
Though Lydia pity showed ;  
She was more brave, and but for me  
Her words had sweetly flowed.  
The teacher vexed, her order vain,  
She now resolved to try  
To stimulate my faculties,  
And punishment apply.

The ferule handiest to use,  
A ruler on her desk,  
She reached, and came right straight to me,  
Nor wasted words expressed.  
I saw what fate was surely mine,  
When aimed that ruler so,  
And quickly put my book behind,  
To ward the coming blow.  
The book it struck, instead of me,  
And broken thus in twain,  
No more was it an instrument  
To ever use again.  
Quite failing thus to have her way,  
The teacher let me go,  
But promised at some future day,  
As I would surely know,  
To get a ruler strong enough  
To make my language flow.  
I had a little sister there,  
Who saw my sorry plight,  
With bosom filled with sympathy,  
And sobs and tears bedight.  
But I became a hero now,  
Although I did not read,  
And ever after I was blessed  
Such duty to be freed.  
And teacher, too, soon quite forgot  
The promise that she made,

And so henceforth were happy all,  
    With none to make afraid.  
The birds still sang upon the trees,  
    The mower whet his scythe,  
The cow-bells echoed through the woods,  
    Now joyous all, and blithe.  
That summer was a jolly time,  
    As backward now I look,  
And think how I escaped a blow,  
    By placing right a book.

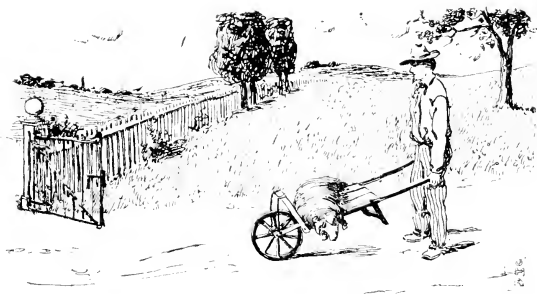




### HOW WISDOM BEGAN.

What once there befel me, when older I grew,  
You are welcome to hear, if it interests you.  
I then enjoyed viewing the crops on the farm,  
And ever was ready to shield them from harm.  
My faithful dog Duko would follow me round,  
Whenever I walked to survey the tilled ground.  
One day, so it happened, we went to the field,  
Where wheat, newly sown, in green sprouts was revealed.  
Oh, how my heart bounded at seeing the change,  
To think of the beauty 'twould add to the grange.  
Just then a new object my vision engaged,  
A rooster led flock that my feelings enraged.  
This gay chanticleer just swung his claws there,

And tore up the wheat with a satisfied air!  
Impatient I was, to charge on the foe,  
And to my dog Dukko I gave the word, "Go!"  
"Catch, catch!" I exclaimed, "Catch, catch, you dumb brute,  
And rushed towards the fowls in a wrathful pursuit.  
But Dukko, it seems, the point didn't see,  
And on me he leaped with intensified glee.  
Then, balked in my efforts, and fairly distraught,  
Redress for my trials in Dukko I sought.  
"You scamp," I said, loudly, "I'll teach you what's what!"  
And where for to kick him I searched for a spot.  
I kicked! unimpeded my foot flew in air,  
And it went very high, for the dog wasn't there!  
If Dukko'd been hit, it might have been well,  
But I was unbalanced, and flatly I fell.  
My father, unknown to me, witnessed it all  
And laughed with a laughter 'tis sad to recall.  
The rooster, meanwhile, in the gallantest way,  
Kept on scratching seeds from out the loose clay.  
Though all was so painful, and foiled was my plan  
I learned that from trouble, man's wisdom began.



### A PIG TALE.

When grown into manhood, and I had become  
A farmer at Linden, and that was my home,  
A cousin called on me, a farmer as well,  
When something that happened I'm going to tell:  
Linden was lovely that bright summer's day,  
The lawn with its trees and its floral display.  
Much pleasure it gave me to welcome my guest,  
And warm words of greeting were duly expressed.  
Then, seated in converse on many affairs,  
We pleasantly rocked in the easy hall chairs;  
On matters of church and matters of state,  
We kept for a while a running debate;  
At length our pet subject of rural employ  
Asserted itself as the best to enjoy.

Then out for surveying the sights of the farm  
Together we went to partake of the charm,  
Now, when we had gone but a rod from the door,  
An object unwelcome we saw just before:  
It was a fine hog with a dignified air  
Enjoying the lawn—Oh, how did he dare!  
I own I was vexed as this grunter I saw,  
And proceeded at once to meet out the law :  
I called to old Banquo to chase out the brute  
And added my own to my watchdog's pursuit.  
My cousin I told how I'd suffered of late  
From neighboring hogs running on my estate;  
And this very one had been there before  
With mischief portrayed on the nose that he bore.  
My cousin helped chase the naughty estray  
Who always declined to go the right way;  
For up and then down through bushes and ferns  
We chased him with vigor worth better returns.  
The weather was hot and exhausted at last  
The hog laid him down, for his breathing was fast.  
There lay the fat porker, some two hundred pounds—  
How now should we hustle him out of the grounds?  
Just then I bethought of a nice little plan  
And called to my service a muscular man.  
A barrow was ordered, the hog on it laid,  
And out on the turnpike was safely conveyed.  
There, dumped on the ground supinely he lay,  
While we sauntered on our prearranged way.

We looked on the acres of corn and of wheat,  
The meadows so green, and the clover so sweet,  
The frisking of lambs, and the highly-bred kine,  
The chickens and ducks and even the swine.  
Then slowly retracing our steps to the lawn,  
To an unwelcome sight our attention was drawn:  
For, would you believe it, that very same hog  
In face of ourselves and Banquo the dog,  
Walked boldly before us, nor doubted his right  
And grunted a grunt of especial delight.  
Too much to behold, was his swaggering way,  
And I knitted my brow at the saucy display.  
Just then my man Patrick appeared on the scene,  
To whom now aroused, I imparted my spleen.  
This man had the care of my many fat swine,  
And knew all their faces and burly outline :  
He looked at me smiling, and then at the dog  
And quietly uttered, " Why boss, that's your hog."  
To a shepherd his sheep are never incog;  
Why then should a farmer not know his own hog?











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 407 107 1